

classes—many and few. Two destinies—life and destruction.

The Guides. Up—the narrow way, the angel of virtue. Down—the broad way, the angel of vice.

Environments. Narrow way—pleasant. Prov. 3: 17. Broad way—hard. Prov. 13: 15.

Archways. At the entrance of each of these roads stands an archway. On the one over the strait gate is written, "Self-denial," and over the gate of death are the words, "Self-indulgence," or "Eat, Drink and be Merry."

Comparison of Life. We are told that Pythagoras compared life to the letter Y. He said, "When I was a child my mother used to draw for me a simple picture of two diverging paths starting from the same point, one narrow, rising up toward heaven, the other broad and descending toward the pit. It was easy to leave the broad road and cross to the upward path at the beginning, for the distance was short and the obstacles few; but not so easy as to start from the first in the right way. But the farther one traveled in the downward way the greater the distance to the heavenly road. The obstacles grew more obstructive, the rivers broader, the mountains higher, the morasses more miry and extended, and fierce beasts, haunted the wilds."

How true the above. How necessary to travel the narrow way while young. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

A Picture. There is a picture the title of which is "The Strait Gate." The gate is in a wall, and it is just large enough for a man to go thru kneeling.

A rich man tries to go thru but his bags of ill gotten gold will not pass. Another has the world in his arms, but it is too large to go thru the gate. Another tries to pass thru with his huge bales of "self righteousness," but he cannot. One has passed thru, but he had to leave his rum bottles outside of the gate. This picture teaches us that we must part with our sins or part with heaven. The door of the ark was large enough to let the elephant thru just as easily as the grasshopper, so with this gate into the kingdom. It is large enough for the greatest sinner as well as the moralist, but he must sever his sins.

Question. Are you on the way to the regions of despair, or to heaven and eternal joys?

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

HELEN ROSS LAIRD

Some years ago a lady, who tells the story herself, went to consult a famous New York physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles—and she had had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength, and even her reason. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions, only to be astounded at his brief prescrip-

tion at the end: "Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more!"

"But, doctor"—began the bewildered patient.

"Go home and read your Bible an hour a day," the great man reiterated, with kindly authority. "Then come back to me a month from to-day;" and he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest. At first his patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that at least the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certainly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly, she reflected with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out prayer and Bible study for years, and, tho she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy.

In one month she went back to his office. "Well," he said, smiling, as he looked at her face, "I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you needed any other medicine now?"

"No, doctor, I don't," she said, honestly. "I feel like a different person—I hope I am a different person! But how did you know that that was just what I needed?"

For answer the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible. "Madam," he said, with deep earnestness, "if I were to omit my daily reading of this Book I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation without reading my Bible. I never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you where to find them unflinchingly. I gave you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure."

"Yet I confess, doctor," said his patient, "that I came very near not taking it."

"Very few are willing to try it, I find," said the physician, smiling again. "But there are many, many cases in my practice where it would work wonders if they only would take it!"

This is a true story. The doctor died only a little while ago, but his prescription remains. It will do no one any harm to try it. —Forward.

A Prayer

"Lord, that our eyes may be opened." O Father, enlighten my understanding by Thy Word, and clear the vision of my soul by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit. Make me to know and do Thy will. And preserve me unto everlasting life thru Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Not in the full line, but in the emptied one; not in the sunny path, but in the shadowed one, . . . will you find that rare plant growing most prolifically, which Jesus called Blessedness.

The Christian Life

Held by His Hand

MARY G. WOODHULL

"No man shall pluck thee out of My hand."

I'm trusting in the promise,
The promise glad and sure—
Divinely held my hand is,
And thus I walk secure.

My faith grows ever stronger
In Christ, my Lord divine—
The light of hope burns brighter,
For in His hand is mine.

No strength have I to hold Him,
But close He holds me fast;
And tho my feet oft stumble,
I'll gain yon Home at last.

I'm trusting in the promise,
That Christ's great power divine;
Amid the world's temptations,
Doth clasp this hand of mine!

—Presbyterian.

"I Can See Jesus"

Selected.

A little girl, as she lay dying, looked up into the face of her mother, who was standing at her bedside, and said: "Mother, I can not see you very well; it is growing dark." Then she closed her weary eyes, and there was silence for a brief space. Presently she opened them again. There was a glad light in their filmy blue, while a celestial smile illumined her pallid countenance, as she added, "But I can see Jesus!" And I thot within myself, how blessed if, when earthly lights pale and fade into the grim night of death, when I tread the valley of the shadow of death, when earthly ambitions, hopes, and friends vanish and fail me, I can exclaim amidst the darkness and the loneliness, "But I can see Jesus!"

Rules of Life

Selected.

Remember that your life is a race, a battle, and a journey; and that on each day a part of this work must be done.

When you say your Morning Prayers in the usual place, give glory to God; thank him for preserving you; offer to him all your thoughts and words and deeds; pray for what you need; and read a portion of God's Holy Word.

Try to attend frequently the Holy Eucharist, or some other office of the Church; also Family Prayers.

Say Grace at meals; do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Be obedient to those set over you, considerate to those beneath you, and kind to all.

Thruout the day avoid idleness, and too eager zeal for the things of this life.

Engage in no unlawful business or amusement: do not know a wicked person, so as to make him an associate.

Keep in mind that God is always present, and that both good and bad angels are always near.

Guard your eyes, your ears, and your tongue.

Let no bad thoughts get into your heart; resist them at once when they come to you.

When you sin, pray for help and pardon.